

In Recital

Tom Macleay, tenor

assisted by

Roger Admiral, harpsichord/piano

Thursday, April 17, 1997 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

From *Euridice* (1600)

Invocation di Orfeo

From *Orphée et Euridice* (1774)

J'ai perdu mon Euridice

Cantata: *Orphée* (1710)

Jacopo Peri

(1560-1625)

Christoph Willibald Gluck

(1714-1787)

Louis-Nicolas Clérambault

(1676-1749)

Teresa Hron, recorder

Grant Sigurdson, violin

Kerri McGonigle, cello

Intermission

Still Falls the Rain, Op. 55 (1954)

Canticle III (for tenor, horn and piano)

Benjamin Britten

(1913-1976))

Texts: Edith Sitwell

Jennifer Green, horn

From *My Fair Lady* (1956)

On the Street Where you Live

Frederick Loewe

(1901-1988)

Lyrics: Alan Jay Lerner

From *Vanessa* (1954)

Outside this house

Samuel Barber

(1910-1981)

Libretto: Gian Carlo Menotti

From *Street Scene* (1947)

Lonely House

Kurt Weill

(1900-1950)

Lyrics: Langston Hughes

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mr Macleay.

Mr Macleay is a recipient of the Beryl Barns Memorial Awards (Undergraduate).

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translations

Invocazione di Orfeo - Invocation of Orpheus

Rejoice ye at my singing,
O verdant forests,
Rejoice, O hills beloved,
and everywhere round
Echo will answer from the valleys concealed.

Revived is my bright sun.
radiant in splendour,
And with her clear eyes,
that e'en put Delos to shame,
New fire in us she kindles,
Today brings new light,
And captive makes to Love both Heaven and Earth.

Text translation: Constance Purdy

J'ai perdu mon Euridice - I Have Lost my Euridice

I have lost my Euridice.
Nothing equals my despair.
Cruel fate! What severity!
I am overwhelmed with grief.
Euridice! Euridice!
Answer me. What torture! Answer me!
Your faithful husband
is calling you!
Deathly silence!
Vain hope!
What suffering!
What torment tears my heart!

Orphée - Orpheus

Recitative

The renowned singer of Thrace, in the most touching sighs
and tender melodies, thus bemoaned his misfortune.

Aria

Faithful Echoes of these woods, reply no longer to my
voice! Nothing can relieve the sorrow that besets me. No
more shall I see the object of my tender passion.

Recitative

Was lover ever so unfortunate or fate so monstrous? Sweet
love joined us; cruel death parts us. (Da capo)

Recitative

Yet what use is it to my despair to moan and grieve still
more. Pluto holds captive those charms which I adore. Let
us away to beseech his power. This dark abyss shows me a
path to the gloomy shores. Let me take there my love, my
grief and my rage. May I lead back Euridice or remain in
the Abode of the Dead.

Aria

Go, Orpheus, go! Let your noblest love be an example to
the world. It is a fine thing that a mortal will brave even
the Underworld to be with whom he loves. Hurry noble
lover! Your love adds lustre to your name. The future will
find it hard to believe that one may have loved so
faithfully. Wedded love has not yet forced a husband to
cross on the very boat of Charon. This honour is due
solely to you. (Da capo)

Recitative

Meanwhile, the hero reaches the infernal shore and, despite
the laws of Atropos, to the proud God of the Underworld
addresses these words:

Aria

Dread Monarch of these gloomy realms, I am the Son of
the God of Light, a hundred times unhappier than your
saddest Shades. And my sorrow is through love. You see
before you a faithful lover deprived of the sole object
which had inflamed him. Alas! Alas! the happiness of
being loved makes my grief all the more cruel.

Recitative

Let my tears move you. Make amends for the whims of a
hideous fate. Give me back my dear Euridice; do not
separate two loving hearts.

Aria

You have felt the fire of that God whose arrows I feel. The
sweet daughter of Ceres, by her divine beauty, knew how
to fire your soul. (Da capo recit)

Recitative

Pluto, amazed to hear tones that could move to pity all the
Empire of the Dead (exclaimed): Cease rousing my
compassion; let your plaint be finished. Go dangerous
mortal, run from these regions. Go, take away your
Euridice. But before seeing the light of the Heavens, avoid
the brightness of her eyes.

Aria

Sing of the resounding victory won by tender love. Even
as far as the gloomy region of Hades its flame is
triumphant. (Da capo)

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